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The Flamingo

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Spring 1966

### Flamingo, Spring, 1966. Vol. 50

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# FLAMINGO



1966



Spring, 1966

Volume 50

The *Flamingo* is the Rollins College literary magazine  
and is published three times during the academic year.

# *Flamingo*

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## ***PREFACE***

*In this, the 50th volume of the FLAMINGO, we would like to reiterate its original motto:*

*“A magazine for the younger generation.”  
In doing so, we also voice its present goal:*

*“. . . Creativity of High Merit.”  
The works on these pages attempt to accomplish both objectives.*

## *Contents*

Each To His Own . . . Andrew Groat .....	6
Reclamation of a Scarf from World War II . . . Cyndy Rush .....	10
Au Cinema . . . Scott Kass .....	11
Untitled Letter . . . Scott Kass .....	12
The Four Point Plan . . . Scott Kass .....	14
Want To Do It Again? . . . Scott Kass .....	14
On Leaving Provincetown . . . peter miguel shaw .....	15
Concentrics . . . F. E. Weddell .....	16
The Procession . . . George L. Dewey, Jr. ....	19
The Pen Who Wouldn't Pay the Dissonant Piper . . . Ray Edwards .....	21
Untitled . . . M. E. R. ....	23
Evolution . . . Georgeann Burns .....	24
March 12 . . . Frank Weddell .....	25
Graduation . . . Robert Young .....	26

# EACH TO HIS OWN

The boy had left the bar at three or shortly after and had crossed and started walking down the deserted street. The shop windows seemed to brush his right hand like tickling cobwebs. The darkness fell about his shoulder, making him feel in the small of his back that someone was approaching from behind. He held his left hand in front of him, as if reaching for the streetlight that glared, a flat, white spot, yards ahead.

A snarl and a laugh rose and cracked him in the side of his head; two black, cavernous eyes emptied their mad, crazed stare into his paralyzed face. He wouldn't scream, but he couldn't escape the snarl and the curled lips and the hideous grin. The Negro was gone. Before the boy could fully react, the man had fallen, slammed into a shop window, and disappeared. Not even an echo remained. For one brief second the blackness had made a canopy, but now that canopy had fallen to help a life loose itself. The boy had seen four feet, but now only that one terrible face was fixed in his mind. The boy knew that he had seen four feet, four identical brown boots.

He stood there and felt his heart grip with his fear. His heart tripped madly, vacating his body and leaving him alone. He had drunk too much; he was dizzy, and he tasted the nausea coming up from his stomach.

The Negro had laughed at the boy with hate. The boy had felt this hate, not understanding it but very aware of it.

Two men kicked a dented beer can back and forth across the street. The sound was light, and a few laughs accompanied it. They approached the boy. A dark, curly-headed Scot picked up the can, threw it in the air a few feet, caught it, and rolled it between his hands.

His words came swiftly, bearing the night away and opening a recess to let in air.

"You seen a couple niggers go by?" The words exploded and vanished. The night closed in.

"I saw one. He ran into me and fell down. He got up and fell against the window over there. He darn near broke it." The boy felt very aware of himself. He thought that he might turn and walk away.

"Maybe you might like to help us look for 'em?" the small Scot asked. There was a moment's silence, and then the boy replied. "All right."

The three of them started walking down the street. The boy kicked the can back and forth with a tall, blond-haired youth. The tall blond was very ugly. His face was too open, and his eyes were covered by huge lids which fluttered uncontrollably like the wings of a smothering moth.



The Scot, whom the other called Jan, told the boy how the niggers were to be back on the ship by two. The boy listened, taking in the hard nasal accent and the foul prefix before each word.

They found one of the men lying in a doorway. He was the one who had run into the boy. The man's face was twisted in the same hideous grin, like that of a rabid dog. His eyes were closed, but his chest moved up and down slowly and evenly.

"Let's pick him up, Marco, and get him to the ship." The little Scot stood tugging on the man's arm.

"I ain't gonna carry no drunk nigger. Wake him and make the bastard walk." Marco reached over and grabbed the man by the back of the neck. He threw his arm forward. The Negro's head thudded against the door. He didn't move.

"Bloody bastard's passed good," Jan said.

"Then we'll kick his black ass back to the boat."

Jan took one arm, Marco the other. Between the two of them they dragged him down the street, his knees bouncing unevenly on the rough concrete. The Negro pulled his feet up, felt for the concrete, and lunged forward, hitting Jan in the side of the face with his raw, ruptured knuckles.

"Black bastard." Jan kicked and caught the Negro in the back of the calf. The black man remained on his feet, lunged ahead and fell, made it to his feet and started walking crazily toward the docks.

An old rusty freighter, badly in need of scraping and paint, lay in berth alongside a huge, white dock. The dock and some of the side of the freighter were illuminated by a powerful light which hung from a twenty-foot pole. There were two colors, white and black, and with a single step one could move out of the light and into the dark. The Negro stood, straddle-legged, dissected.

"Come on, you black bastard. Climb up that plank." Marco pushed him from the back, sending him splawling into the rope plank. The blackness devoured him. Marco and Jan stood in the arclight; the boy stood half in the circle of light and half out.

The two men edged into the darkness after the Negro. The boy could see nothing. He suddenly heard a piece of cloth tear, and then a hard crack. There was something very close to a scream, but it seemed to stop half-way in the throat, and the remaining sound came out garbled and choked. The boy thought that someone was choking on blood.

The Negro's voice came from the darkness and settled in the light.

"I ain't goin' aboard that ship. I ain't goin' aboard no ship. I'm stayin' here." He freed himself and stood in the light. His face had lost all human qualities. Only the animal was left. His skin was drawn over the bone, and in places it sank under the bone. The Negro grinned with hatred, and his broken teeth gleamed. His coiled stance radiated a deadly, powerful terror. There might have been venom under his nails and on his teeth.

Marco moved into the light. There was vomit on the side of his face and on his clothes. His face was livid and his eyes dim. He was bent over and his left hand was pressed against his thigh and crotch. The knuckles of his right hand were drawn of all blood; his fingers slowly clenched. He kept moving up to the Negro.

"You goddamned black bastard." He said it again and again. "You goddamned black bastard."

Marco was suddenly on him, kicking at the black face. They both fell; the Negro had Marco's leg, but Marco pounded the Negro's head with his two fists. The dull thuds from the skull sounded against the concrete.

Jan was yelling for Marco to cut it off: he might kill the bastard. Marco got to his feet; the Negro lay moving his bloody head back and forth. Marco drew back his boot and threw the full force of his body into the kick. The boot dug into the side of the man's head, breaking the skull bone as the other side of his head slammed into the concrete. Blood spurted onto Marco's boot and started to flow from the Negro's ear, nose, and mouth onto the concrete.

Marco moved away, bent over, and held his head in his hands.

"You killed him, Marco. You kicked his goddamned head in!" Jan cried.

The boy could smell the blood and the cheap rum and the sweat. The night seemed full of heavy smells. The arclight picked up the red, and as the boy watched, it spread. The blood seemed to turn even redder, until it was brighter than scarlet. The boy had never seen such a red. The boy thought that the night had suddenly turned from two colors into three — red, black, and white. The colors had no destination, but they had all met and they had all mixed.

Jan helped Marco to his feet. Marco was trembling so badly that he couldn't walk, so he did not move until the spasm had racked his body.

The boy stood beside Jan, looking at Marco.

"Ask the boy up for a drink," Marco said, turning to Jan.

"You ask him. You're the man." Jan disappeared into the darkness. His footsteps could be heard climbing the rope plank.

"You like a drink of Scotch, boy?" Marco asked.

"OK," the boy replied.

It was after four when the boy came out of the ship, down the rope plank and into the light. The Negro lay as he had earlier. There was no sign of life in him. His chest was motionless. There was no movement of any kind. The boy didn't stay long at the body, for the bright lamplight at that time of morning made him feel that everything was unearthly. The sky had already begun to brighten. Outside of the light there was a sound, the rough sound of a heel on cement. The boy stepped out of the light into the darkness; he backed up toward the rope plank which he had just come down. A pair of brown boots entered into the circle. The owner of the boots walked over to the dying or dead Negro. He knelt and touched the warm layer of blood on the cement. He put his finger to his mouth and tasted the blood. The boy could now see the man's face and the ugly scar which ran from the inside of his left eye to the corner of his left lip.

Nassau was bloody well kept up by the British. In the daytime the policemen wore clean white linen uniforms, and their polished ebony faces shown with pride and warmth. Their gold buttons and epaulets must have cost the government a pretty penny, along with their elongated pith helmets, which rode like upsidedown boats. A sea-wind blew in from the south, lifting the smells of vegetables and hot coconut pies from the market-streets, blowing the smells of salt and fish and bright flowers, not hothouse smelling at all but fresh and clean, toward the middle of town where Marco sat in a bar.

Jan had come into the room. He was drunk. His black hair fell over his forehead and onto his clipped nose. His puffy lips quivered slightly as he pulled on a cigaret. He blew the hot smoke through his nostrils and spoke to Marco.

"You kill that nigger last night?" Jan didn't care; he just asked.

"I don't know," Marco replied. "I had blood all over my boot this morning."

"If you killed him, you'll be stokin' with the dago; they'll be one man short, and you'll get the hours in the box."

Marco stuck his little finger in his ear and twisted it back and forth.

"It ain't my fault if I kil'ed him. It was kill or be killed."

Somebody had spilled red wine on the table which Marco sat behind. The wine glistened thickly. The sour smell of wine wafted through the room.

"How about buying a litre of wine?" Marco asked.

"How about you buying a litre of wine?" was the reply.

The room was heavy with smoke; there were only two of them and Jan was the only one smoking, but the room was heavy with smoke. It made Marco blink his eyes rapidly. Then he rubbed them with his two fingers, back and forth, back and forth, very slowly. His eyes hurt. They were red and sore, and they hurt terribly.

Jan sat down at the table with a litre of red wine and two chipped glasses. He placed one in front of Marco and filled it. He filled the other.

"Wine's sour," Marco said.

"Don't drink it then, goddam it."

Marco lifted the glass and poured the rest of the wine down his throat. The wine was sour, but if you drank enough of it, it didn't matter, and it didn't make you sick.

"What happened to the American last night?" Jan asked.

"He came aboard the ship, and I gave him some Scotch. Left about four."

"He saw you kick the nigger."

"Yeah. I know."

"He care?"

"If he cared he didn't show a sign of it."

"He was just a kid, wasn't he?"

"Who?"

"The American."

Marco spat on the floor and touched the spot with the tip of his boot and rubbed it back and forth. The small wet spot gleamed through the dust and dirt.

"Goddamn nigger kicked me in the nuts. You saw it. I was trying to get that drunk black bastard up the rope plank, and he lets out and kicks me square."

Jan reached in his pocket and pulled out a cigaret. He tapped it on the table and put the wet end in his mouth.

"Did his buddy ever get back on board?" Jan asked.

Marco rose and crossed over to the bar.

"Herb."

A tremendous Swede came from the back room and walked over opposite Marco.

"Another litre of Port, Herb."

The Swede reached behind him and took an empty bottle from the shelf. He pushed it under the bar and turned the tap.

"One pint red blood," the Swede grinned, and he handed the bottle to Marco.

Another man entered from the outside. A shaft of light split the room for a moment, the Swede and Marco on one side, the stranger and Jan on the other. The door closed, and the man walked up to the bar. His black face glistened with the heat from the outside. A deep scar ran from the inside of his left eye to the corner of his left lip.

"Rum, please."

A coin in his hand sounded as he held himself against the bar. The Swede filled a coke bottle, stuck in a cork, and reached for the coin as he handed the bottle to the man.

The Swede lifted his face toward the Negro and grinned.

"Each to his own, eh?"

The Negro placed his hand around the coke bottle. His fingers reached completely around the green glass.

— ANDREW GROAT



## *Reclamation of a Scarf from World War Two*

Today you brought it to me from the attic silence,  
In child delight with treasure found of the  
Before-world. The screen swung shut after you,  
Running in happy possession to show it down  
The street. And I watched the long, green  
Tendril flap behind you, like some grotesque  
Arm in spasm of rebirth.

— CYNDY RUSH



## ALL CINEMA

The movie had not begun and the popcorn was too salty but he sat there and ate it while two high-school girls in the row behind him and just to the left giggled and spoke a shade too shrilly like high-school girls do and that's the way you can tell them from college women who learn in their freshman year not to talk too shrilly around men but to look demure instead just like college men in their freshmen year *nouveau riche*shly learn to stand up when a girl comes over to their table.

A cute chick and a fat Central-Florida high-school boy with a stupid-looking crew-cut sat down two rows in front of him. He couldn't see what cute chicks liked about fat Central-Florida high-school boys with stupid-looking crew-cuts.

A Central-Florida businessman (the boy's father?) sat down in the empty seat directly across the aisle from him. The man's hair was parted far up on his head and chopped off (à la Adolph Hitler) about three inches above the ears all the way around, with just a touch of grey at each trace-of-sideburn.

The emptier the popcorn box got, the saltier and the more fifty-four-calories-a-cup the popcorn became. And it really wasn't all that good.

The high-school girls behind him were talking more shrilly, trying to attract his attention. They seemed to be dwelling on risqué matters which meant that they had never had it. Or else why would they talk about it?

A piece of corn-kernel got stuck on the roof of his mouth, and he tried to scratch it off with a fingernail which he didn't have because it was bitten one-sixteenth of an inch below the tip of his finger.

Three more high-school types — one medium-sized girl and her date and one skinny girl (the medium-sized girl's shadow) — walked down the aisle to seats in front. The skinny girl, he could tell, was with the medium-sized girl because the skinny girl couldn't get a date and that's why the medium-sized girl asked her along so the skinny girl wouldn't feel bad. Which she looked and tired. And empty.

He had eaten the entire box of popcorn by now and the movie had not even started, and so he put the empty box furtively under his seat and why should he be furtive he pays good money to put his empty popcorn box under his seat so why shouldn't he except that he (a sentimental Yankee, as if it matters these days) thought of the poor, colored caretaker who would have to sweep up the popcorn box at 1:30 in the morning and then go home to his 8 (count 'em) kids and a big momma with 40 bucks because it was pay-day night.

Two tough chicks in bouffant hairdos in the row ahead of him and one, two, three seats to the left were talking, seemingly oblivious of the world, but still, he knew, aware of every male in the place.

A man behind him coughed. T.B. He always got in front of coughers in movies. In buses.

He was sorry he had eaten A BEAUTIFUL BLOND AND the popcorn now, just A DULL-LOOKING GUY like he was sorry he had had cherry cobbler HESITATED IN THE AISLE for dinner last night BEFORE MOVING TO and the bag of pretzels SEATS ON THE LEFT the night before.

Just then the skinny - empty girl (remember?) walked back up the aisle past him and he followed her with his eyes and made believe that he got up after her and that she went back out the front door and began to run and he chased her north on Park Avenue all the way up to the Catholic School and then crossed down to the opposite side, run-walking and stopping at streets to pant a little all the way back to the newly-constructed road and the black field and the library lawn to the dorm and up the one-two-three (skip three) seven-eight (skip two) eleven turn left and into his empty popcorn box. And by now the skinny-empty girl was there in bed waiting for him and they slept together forever and a day.

And just then the movie began with a roar (not with a whimper).

— SCOTT KASS



Rollins College  
Winter Park, Florida  
April 15, 1966

God  
Heaven

Dear God:

Tonight I made a big (14" x 18") NO MAID TODAY, PLEASE sign to hang on my door when I want no maid today, please. The NO MAID part is in black magic-marker, and the TODAY, PLEASE is in red and yes there's a , in between TODAY and PLEASE. And it's on the scrap of white cardboard You-know-who gave me.

The purpose of the sign is to let the maid know when I don't want her to make my bed, sweep the dust from the center of my room (no, I'm not bitter), and empty my wastebasket. Because I'M STUDYING TODAY AND DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED OR BECAUSE I'M NOT STUDYING TODAY AND STILL DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED.

But I was really wasting my time making the sign because I'll never use it. And I'll tell You why:

I do not hate the maids, God. Do You think that they think that I do? I have no animosities against Negroes. I like Negroes very much. And I like Chinese and Italians, and Jews, and am slowly developing an affinity for upper-middle class WASPS.

Nor do I think that the maids do a bad job. I think that they do a good job.

It's just that I would prefer that the maids leave me alone all year. (I delight in disorder too.)

But the maids will not leave me alone. Last month, before spring vacation, I tried for two weeks straight to keep them out of my room, but they simply would not have it. Oh, they stayed *physically* out, alright, but I became afraid to walk in the halls. They would stare at me and think loudly, "Why doesn't he want us?"

I tried acting overly nice to them so that they wouldn't think that I hate Negroes or that they did a lousy job.

And all the while pieces of pipe tobacco (Sail) and Sunshine raisons, and French-burnt peanuts (I know it's awful) littered the floor and my bed went unmade and library books were stacked on the floor and on the desk, covering up the picture of Elizabeth Hartman on the wall.

And then the supervisor-of-the-maids (the maid-supervisor? the maid's supervisor?) came one day last week with one of the maids to ask me, "Why don't you want the maids to clean your room?"

And I said that I really had no excuse except that I didn't want to be bothered; and she laughed and said, "You're *right*, that's no excuse!" And I stammered and said, "*Yeah*, well." And all the time I was thinking: this is an absurd situation. The supervisor is absurd. I am absurd. So *play* absurd.

And the supervisor said, "*Well, then*, the problem is *solved*." And she smiled. And the maid looked at me first a little sadly, like I was sick; and then she smiled at me too. And I smiled back at them both for a few seconds until I felt pretty good-and-foolish and then wished them both "Good morning!" and then realized that it was 2, for the gongs had just gonged: gong-gong-gong-gong; gong-gong-gong-gong; gong! gong! gong! 3.

And now the maids clean my room every day and make my bed and empty my wastebasket.

I can't bring myself to put up the NO MAID TODAY, PLEASE sign any more because the maids think I'm kidding and laugh at me behind my back.

And, God, the reason that I'm writing is — do You think they're trying to *get* at me?

As Self-realistically as Possible,  
You-  
know-  
who — SCOTT KASS

# THE FOUR-POINT PLAN

A plain high school girl in pink came to the door, and I, being the only one home, received her.

She handed me a brochure entitled, "How to Live a Successful Christian Life — a Four-Point Plan." (To Supermanism? To Epic Heroism? I wondered and then she asked me, "Have you accepted Jesus Christ into your heart?" And I could just see the Sunday school staff coaching her and the other girls in the Youth Group how to put the emphasis on YOU and YOUR HEART.

I was at first stunned — not by the question, but rather by my inability to deliver a fast, sarcastic retort.

I should have said "Yes, I have accepted Jesus Christ into my heart," to throw her off guard. Or, "No, why?"

Or, "What do you mean by accepting him INTO MY HEART?"

Or, "Did you know that Jesus was a good Jewish businessman who knew when he had a good thing going for him?"

Or, smiling sophisticatedly, "Be serious!"

Or, I should have invited her in and seduced her like Dick Brown seduced "Boston."

But I didn't.

Because sooner or later I would have been arrested after she confessed — not to her parents — but to Rev. Homer Dooley (Alabama Theological Seminary, 1937) author of the Four-Point Plan.

And so, cat-smilingly, I said, "Not today, thanks," and rudely closed the door.

— SCOTT KASS

## WANT TO DO IT AGAIN?

or

(Leroi Jones is right about Yonkers)

Remember when in our frivolous youth (you were six and I was five)

We went out behind my father's grocery store,

Far away, miles even (or at least forty feet)

Among dairy crates,

And you in your yellow, or was it white-and-yellow organdy?

With puffy shoulders like they wore in 1950,

And I in my short pants (my grey-with-rockets-Buck-Rogers-uniform-pants?)

Blond-haired, I, then, and you black-haired and chubby

And I don't remember how it started, do you? but I do remember

That you kept saying, "Now kiss me on my head on my head Now

Kiss me on my head Now . . ."

But me, ME — I kissed you on your calf and on your fat thigh,

On your calf-and-thigh like now I do to rich girls who say,

"Now kiss me on my lips." but I kiss them on their

lean thighs (on their lean-calves-and-thighs) and they're not

Six and I'm not five and they don't wear yellow, or was it

White-and-yellow organdy? but

Would you like to do it again?

Pretend this is a crate and there's my father's store.

— SCOTT KASS





## *On Leaving Provincetown*

gone now  
and passed.

soft kissed her sleeping mouth good-bye  
and stole into the darkness new.

wandering through her streets near dawn,  
reaching back softly  
(ever so softly)  
to bring again  
what has been and passed.

and the early morning cold  
and the gulls  
and the fishing boats.

and i will lie down with you again some day,  
when the snow is gone  
and the sea runs wild;  
but now the moment night has fled,  
the moongone morningroad —

too soon

— peter miguel shaw

# CONCENTRICS

Shadowings, symbolic of filmy futures,  
dressed in sylvian white,  
Draperies of the gods,  
Fit only for other days.

In places below the sea of memory  
Transient spirits drift  
Through the small apartments  
Of my mind.

A small Aryan goddess  
Sad with the ways of  
Fury and Diana,  
Yet nurtured long on their milk,  
Sits before me still  
And wishes for a betterment,  
A more perfect life,  
Among mortals melting  
Into individual unities,  
Festering like  
Sod ridden surfs,  
Chained to land and  
The chattel of their kingdoms.

A diamond shimmering  
With lights forming beauty  
With its prism-cut splendor  
Needs not to be set in lead,  
But communion with the rarest.

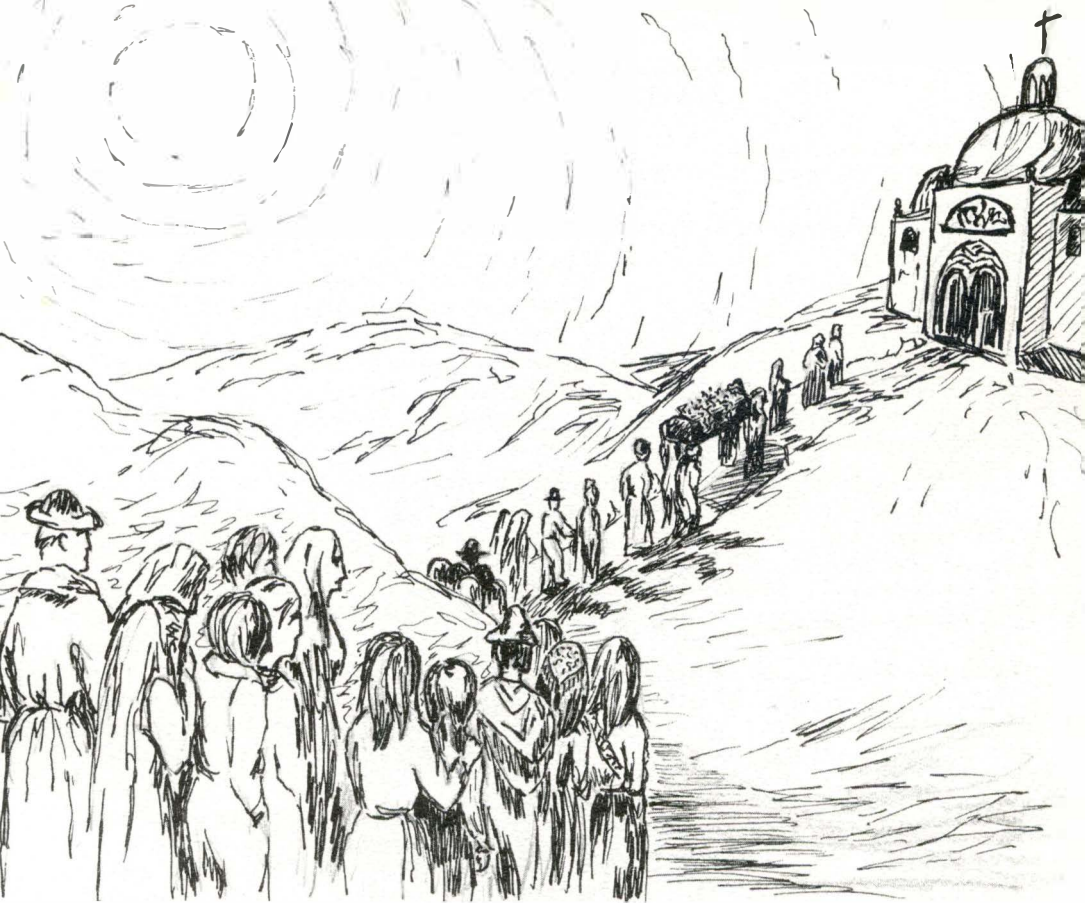
Hardest found devotion  
A seldom done creation,  
a greener back yard  
Yellow gold gift,  
Given blindly,  
Blessed with passion  
Crushed by others,  
Withstanding eternities  
And burns yet within.

Dionysian madness  
And the million murdered souls  
of centuries,  
Seething with sacrilegiousness  
Not of god  
But of Man, my religion.  
Stepping on my saviors,  
one by one,  
Doing duties as lust guided cannibals,  
Carniverous Greeks,  
Slaughtering innocence  
The breeder of the only hope.

Only knightly minds,  
Knowing yet still accepting  
Shall acclaim true favor.  
Years called daily deaths  
Devoted to  
Continual confusion —  
Every man a Thomas,  
Doubting  
Each others' existence —  
Existentialist ecstasy  
Misunderstood so well  
by so many.  
God in his holy temple  
His words prostituted by  
Every tent screaming sinner,  
Nonexistent god  
The tool of the year.

When my inner feeling  
Fits the key of knowing,  
That stone shall be set,  
My cutting gloried  
By a new made mount  
Circled by reflecting  
Remnants,  
Every false attempt tossed,  
Tallyed, dragged  
Dishonored to your throne.  
Suffer them near you  
Their hate of my breathing  
Burdens my soul,  
Terrorred by errors,  
I seek no more.  
Everything known  
Is a day's work done,  
My life of waiting  
dreaming — and dying now and then —  
may now end.  
You, Aryan  
Witless to  
Odysseus, have given me the prize,  
Now planted in my mind's eye,  
Wanted and waited for,  
Your love has fulfilled  
And buried me.

— F. E. WEDDELL



## PROLOGUE

### The Creation of Non-Sense and Un-ending Eden

"This is a Little Stone — See It as Simple:"

There being no beginning, there was only the Sun — alone. And then the Sun begat the Earth, as a drop of liquid flame. Twisting in agony, this matter tied itself into a knot, and became hard. Then trees and flowers grew from simple nothing rocks and sand, licked by the dewdrops, and for no reason.

And then the Sun rolled its fire into a smaller ever-tightening knot, and spat out Man. Then man thought, and for no reason. Man saw — and understood that the Sun, by Her warm fingertips, was beckoning him to cool caves, and he believed this was right. For in the cool caves and such shadow-places, flames ended their twisting and there was thought to be eternal peace.

Then man, again thinking, found boredom in his brief tastes of this, and forsook the cool caves, for eternal twisting tongues of flame. And as each flame lashed flame — man lashed man, and woman, and man — and the world, one day, caught fire — as the Sun.

Then there were two alone.

# THE PROCESSION

The Sun was very hot. The procession moved slowly down the street. The long line of steaming humanity made its way towards the tall church that stood in the middle of town. All were dressed in black that drank deeply of the sun until faces became flushed with sweat that, for some of the most discomforted, served for tears. The men squinted in the heat and kept their heads bowed from the sun's glare. The women were veiled and wept dumbly with their friends in small groups. All walked with much sadness, and thought of death that rode on ahead in a casket, sealed away. But that was Dona Isabel in the casket, and she was covered with beautiful freshly picked flowers and looked serene. At one time or another each looked up at the church, which loomed at the end of the trek, and thought of the cool benches within, and the rest that awaited.

Cetro was one of these. He had known Dona Isabel, and was sorry she had died, but the heat was terrible. He looked at Juan, his friend. His head was bowed and he went on, never lifting his eyes from the ground. Cetro lowered his awkwardly. Juan had also been a kind of friend to the old lady. He was impresionado. Ah, it was too bad. His feet hurt and he wished the people would walk faster. The darkness of the door looked so cool. A fly, crazed with heat, hit him smartly on the forehead and began to buzz around his head. He swung at it with a quick snatch, and an old lady a few steps ahead of him gave him an annoyed and disapproving glance over her shoulder. "What does she expect?" he grumbled inwardly. Old ladies and their propriety! His awkwardness grew keener, and he knew she would be sure to tell all her friends afterwards about his action.

As they entered, he followed his friend to a suitable seat in the middle of the sanctuary. He sighed quietly as he felt the coldness of the pew on his back and flanks. It lasted not long, as he began to feel dizzy when the priest spoke. He knew the various key points of the Mass, and began to listen for them as if they were signposts along an endless road. With the closeness of bodies, the atmosphere began to match the outside heat. He squeezed his eyes tightly together and crossed himself when the priest called: "En Nombre del Padre, El Hijo, Espiritu Santo — Amén." His knees hurt from kneeling during the prayers, which were long for the occasion. "Kyrie Eleison!" "Christe Eleison!" "Kyrie Eleison!" It was near the end.

When the Mass was over he said a hasty prayer, waited for the casket to leave, and went outside to wait for his friend. They were to remain — the burial was only for the family. Cetro walked to a tree that stood apart from the crowd that had remained, and lit a cigarette with relief. The paper left a sweet taste on his lips. The sky was still empty and the sun had not moved much, but was falling gradually. A small eternity passed until Juan came out of the shadowed door, slowly and with his head still bowed. He made his way through the small group near the steps toward his friend, never looking back. When he reached Cetro not a word was spoken, they only turned and walked down the street again, almost as slowly as they had come. One awaited a cool drink at the Cantina, the other was still numb with thought.

When they reached the bar, with its overhead fans, Cetro ordered two cold cervesas and they sat in a far corner. It was a time for patience; Cetro knew this as he sat and watched his friend, who only dumbly stared at his beer. "Still sad," Cetro thought, savouring his own. It was bitter, cool, good. He made weak attempts at conversation, but evening came before anything really changed. At five the men came in from their shops and the farms, and the small group of musicians began to play noisily.



"Eh, Cetro! What's this — you in a corner? And so quiet. Aver, aver, what's the matter with the little chickedee eh?" It was Pablo, who ran a drug store on the Avenida Flores. He was a thin man with a mustache and smiling eyes and a big mouth. His face was flushed with something more than heat. He had probably been to La Traviesa, down the street, before coming to this bar.

"Mire hombre," said Cetro, "don't you have any respect?" "Don't you see the boy is sad? He has been to the funeral of a friend, a very good friend. Bruto! You come in here like that — uhy! You . . . only a druggist would have a mouth as big as a priest's — caramba — falta de respeto!"

"Well, well, well — I am sorry," retorted the druggist sarcastically, then making a gesture with his index finger to Cetro.

"Mire borracho! You trying to start something?" exclaimed Cetro loudly, rising swiftly to his feet.

Suddenly Juan interjected. "No, no Cetro, he is right. I am sorry, I should forget this afternoon no? Besides, he might not have heard. Ya — sit down? You too Pablo please, and we'll have a fresh drink and call it over — no?"

The two faced each other sternly, like two dogs that had decided to hate each other for a moment, then simultaneously laughed and sat down. They made amends quickly while Juan flashed three fingers at the bartender.

"Look Juan," said the druggist, feeling paternal, "I am grieved to hear this about Dona Isabel, I didn't know you were friends. But you are young, and I am sure death is fearsome to you. It is a nasty business death is — muy mal negocio. The best is to forget, and in the company of friends, no?" Both men nodded at him, then Juan smiled. "Yes, you are right."

The drinks were served and there were solemn toasts — one to the deceased, one to the living, one to the future — the bar room trinity. And the toasts went on and on, until they became hoarse from toasting.

The entire bar was in an uproar, and more than the three friends were drunk, very drunk. And then Juan looked over the rim of his glass at Cetro and calmly, but resolutely said: "When do we leave?"

Cetro, slightly dizzy, and tempting fate by leaning on the back legs of his chair, wondered for a moment if he had heard correctly, then exclaimed: "You mean you have decided?" He banged his bottle on the table-top as he brought the chair down on all fours — his mouth open in amazement. His eyes were dancing with light. "Hoh! At last! Magnifico! Virgen del Coro! At last we leave for the Capital?" Juan nodded, grinning.

"Good. You make me very happy! What do you think Pablo?"

"Well, I really . . ." he started making a helpless motion with his hands.

"Ah, it doesn't matter!" said Cetro cutting off the bewildered druggist before he could get started again. "For months now, hear me months, I have waited, and now at last he says yes! I say let's have another cervesa!" They all laughed and the beer came again and again in more tremendous onslaughts. And the music became faster, the laughter louder. Cetro sat crackling out crude jokes and smoking his favorite cigarettes along with his beer. It was very good here. The afternoon was a thing of the past. Dead. The sun had gone to pester the rest of the world for a time anyway . . . yes, tomorrow would come, but tonight they would always remember. He drew heavily on his cigarette, tasted the sweet paper, and thought of Clarisa, who would be waiting for him in the early morning to walk the fields on Sunday. He chuckled contentedly thinking of the tenderness of her touch, the way she would teasingly bite her lip, swing her hips, and boldly kiss him.

Ah si, tomorrow would come . . .

— GEORGE L. DEWEY, JR.

# *The Pen Who Wouldn't*

## *Pay The Dissonant Piper*

the Engraver of Wisdom, running, running, run, run, run,  
across the white Storehouse of Knowledge,  
prostituting Herself to record ancient and meaningless names,  
forgettable dates, and stripped, naked facts.

aching, sweating, She feigned uselessness and halted Her whoring.  
while Her master fumbled to reassure Her,  
She considered Her Colleagues:

Her now stained confidant, held firmly in place below Her by Her master,  
suffering the same debasement as She.  
the peasant Bics, the middle class Paper-Mates, the upper class Parkers,  
laboring at work around the room,  
thinking only of a's,  
continuing to grunt in the act of paid passion.

Her thoughts drifted to the dictator up front:

the dictator who spewed forth his unemotional, mechanical  
nonsense-syllables.  
holding one hand out, palm up,  
he would return the favor that final Friday.

called back from Her contemplations by violent shakes and gouging scribbles,  
She abhorrently resumed Her former degrading posture.

groaning and huffing once again,  
the shame pounded in Her ephemeral brain.  
and in a moment worthy of Sydney Carton,  
She exploded Her moldable intelligence upon Her trusted friend.

Her master, cursing Her failure,  
deposited that Noble Creature into the nunnery in the corner.

— RAY EDWARDS







The shapes of trees, long forgotten, appear, only to pass through the periphery as I walk down the long path to freedom. Iron bars, bricks and mortar, the grey uniforms of conformity behind, naked I approach . . . what. Ah yes, freedom.

Set one foot in front of the other as the black asphalt becomes spotted with struggling tufts of grass only to yield to the green expanse unspotted by black asphalt. I turn and look behind and see nothing, not even the iron bars, the bricks and mortar. Set one foot in front of the other . . . this produces symmetrical motion . . . and freedom.

The path now leads upward, but the comforting trees must be left below. But that is acceptable now. Set one foot in front of the other. Rocks, craggy and solidly yielding to me, bar my way but briefly as flesh and granite meet. The granite yields and I pass through to emerge at the water's edge on the other side.

I look back and see nothing, not the iron bars, the bricks and mortar, not the trees, and not the rock. Set one foot in front of the other and be embraced by the stinging, surging warm briskness of the salt water. I look back and see nothing, not even my footprints in the sand of the white beach.

A figure approaches, as a mirage. Rhythmic, symmetrical, powerful. His arms swing reverently at his sides. All I can see now are his eyes, dark, piercing, yet understanding. He approaches nearer, naked as I, he, too, leaving no footprints, yet looking over his shoulder at times, hoping, yet fearing, and always setting one foot in front of the other, from desire.

He steps into the water and comes to my side. We stand and look and see everything. We turn, and realize, and understand. Our hands clasp and we turn to the beach, there, converging are two sets of footprints leading to the sea. In the distance we see the iron bars, the bricks and mortar, and trees, the rocks, and turning to the footprints converging on the beach, and turning to the blue expanse, we see . . .

— M. E. R.

# Evolution

It's funny. I never really took all that stuff about "his touch burned" and "his kisses seared like a hot poker" seriously. Till I met Aloysious. Yeah, I really had to hand it to old Al. He really knew how to handle a girl; he was a swinger from the word go. He wasn't real rough and tough, but he would just touch me here and there like he knew just what he was doing. And brother — could that boy kiss! I'll bet he could even teach Rock Hudson a thing or two.

But I'm getting away from my point. It's just like I never realized my feminine potentials till Al came into my life. I guess I'll never understand it — just chalk it up to human chemistry and all that. You couldn't really say it was love at first sight 'cause he was so drunk when I first saw him that he would have fallen in love with a table lamp as soon as me. And I wasn't sober as a judge myself. There we were like two lonely little islands drifting around in a great big ocean. Then we kind of bumped into each other — almost like we knew what we were doing (even though we were too looped to). Anyway in the morning about 7:30, I woke up — sitting in Al's car with Al. We were parked in front of my place. It was real funny 'cause I didn't even remember really meeting Al — much less going with him to his car. That kind of worried me, not knowing what all had happened. And Al was still sawing away in the driver's seat, so I figured he wouldn't be much good for about another three hours if I left him alone.

So I could just sit there wondering how the Hell we got there and when. Except it was Sunday and people were coming back from early Mass and there I was big as life in Al's car since God knows when!

I decided to take matters into my own hands. I nudged Al in the ribs. He grunted and smacked his lips and started snoring again. I nudged him harder and he snarled at me and then he sat bolt upright and stared at me.

Neither one of us looked as good as we started out. I figured he was giving me the once over to see if he remembered me. A real funny look came over his face — it was "I don't know who the Hell you are or what I'm doing here." Then he blinked like someone had hit him with a Chinese gong. And he said "I'll be damned. Good morning, honey. How's the world treating you?"

His friendliness scared me a little. All the other men that woke up in front of me, for whatever reasons, hadn't ever been very glad to see me. So his smile, which was nice, made me shiver and jump when I hit my backbone on the armrest 'cause I'd been sinking into my corner of the seat. That made me sit up straight and realize we couldn't stay there all morning. After a party night, there are a few things a girl has to attend to so I said we couldn't stay and that's how we wound up spending all of Sunday at Al's place and I found my identity, so to speak, as a woman.

He was real nice and gentle. Helped me off with my coat and everything. His place was no dump either. While he was washing up, he told me he'd got the dough for it all when he won on a long, long shot at the track. That didn't strike me as the God's truth, but it was better than a lotta stories I'd heard before. Anyway, a man's money, as long as he has some, is his own business.

Well, that afternoon was the beginning of the best days of my life. All my time I spent with Al. I quit my job at the drugstore and we went to the track every day. Sometimes we'd go to a party on weekends and we'd both get real drunk. But we always wound up in his car. A couple of times even Al didn't know where the Hell we were on those Sunday mornings. With just the two of us there in our own portable island it really didn't matter too much. We'd just drive around till we hit someplace that had breakfast and Alka-Seltzer and then go back to his place.

Once in a while, I'd wonder why Al didn't dump me — him being in the money and able to get most any girl he wanted. You had to hand it to him 'cause he always treated me real good. He didn't even mind taking me back to see my old girl friends. He always spent money on me like it was water. And once in a while when he'd leave me alone for a day, I knew he was busy with his work and not going out on me.

Al was a definite change from other men I'd known. I guess it was 'cause he treated me like I was a person and a woman. He never said he loved me exactly, but he was always gentle — even when he was drunk. All my friends said I was the luckiest girl they knew, and I guess I was too.

It had all been so good that I couldn't do much more than cry when Al said his dough was shot and he'd be moving on. He even said I could go with him, but something about the way he said it made me think it wouldn't be the same. So I cried a lot and he took me to a party for a last good time. I got good and drunk right away. When I woke up I was sitting in Smitty Gray's new convertible.

— GEORGEANN BURNS

## MARCH 12

There were daybreaks somewhere,  
Shining songsters sweeping dew cobwebbed  
umbilicals from buds, virginal,  
opening to first day warmth,  
Their parti-colored heads bobbing  
Gratefully alive.  
Here wasting bogs of yesterday's youngness  
Yet still form,  
Not yet returned to basics,  
But dead — just so —  
These I saw and sank back.  
Saddness, the disintegrater,  
Working on my soul of wasted yesterdays  
Of warped wishings and dusty dreaming days,  
All so half realized  
In a black morning's vigil.  
Browning Blades,  
Once burnished blendings  
Of morning bouquets,  
Now wait by the stoop in crushed splendor.  
Smelling slightly in the rotting shade,  
Holding up naked and starving arms  
Towards the sun.

— FRANK WEDDELL

# Graduation

Eighteen. You've come of age.  
In the windless heat of South Church  
You march with a rosebud  
Pink in your hand  
Toward the future. Toward the open  
Gate in the ancient stone wall.  
Toward the sunlight and the rain glimpsed  
Between the leaves of ivy clutching  
On your window. The sunlight  
That fluttered on the pages of your  
Book. The rain that troubled your sleep.

*She's eighteen. She can do what she wants.*

The younger girls in white with candles walk,  
For some reason, in front; you  
In graver blue, with rosebuds file  
By friends and elders each  
With the best of congratulation smiles  
Hanging strangely in the still  
June light on tired faces.  
You are told  
Of duties and responsibilities  
That take you in your time,  
And you clutch the tiny stem  
And wonder if the rose will wilt  
Or be crushed by your hand  
And you wipe  
The perspiration making darker blue  
On your gown.

*Thus we give you these diplomas  
As symbols of our faith  
In your capacity to . . .*

It is over now.  
Your fingerprints have stained the emblem  
Of your years already.  
The bright blue gown is wrinkled,  
Dulled with perspiration.  
The rosebud now is limp  
And shakes like a rag in your  
Trembling hand. And I should  
Have someone tell me:  
What essential difference  
Lies between the tears that shine  
For us yet cloud your eyes,  
And the tears your mother shed in pain  
Of bearing you? Or between the tears  
On your cheek and the sweat  
On the back of Cheops' slave  
Piling stones for a tomb?

You alone  
Amid the laughter and feet tripping  
Over gowns, you alone  
Have tears. But do you  
Know the backwaters of your sorrow?  
The steaming marsh breeding death  
Even in the rise of the stately river?  
Yet you alone are weeping  
Among your friends and memories  
And hopes, all disseminating  
Like the white puff of dandelion seeds  
In the final burst of spring wind  
Blowing into summer.  
Raindrops falling in sunlit skies  
Peered at through dust on a window:  
The ceremony, the smiles, the sighs, the laughter,  
Indeed, the very river  
All regress to  
    you alone.  
    *You laughed. You laughed at me*  
    *Also. I was the only one*  
    *That cried, and I don't know*  
    *Why?*

— ROBERT YOUNG

